

THE SACRED HEART

Nihil obstat

MICHAEL HICKEY, S.T.D.,

Censor Dep.

Imprimi Potest:

Gulielmus,

Archiep. Dublinen.,

Hiberniae Primas



Vol. X

UNE, 1919.

No. 2

Annual Subscription to THE CROSS, Four Shillings, post free, payable in advance.

Business Letters to be addressed to the Manager, Mt. Argus, Dublin. Literary Communications to the Editor, at the same address.

Unsuitable MSS, will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped addressed envelope

Miscellanea

In many parts of Italy Whitsunday is known as Pascha rosatum and Pascha rossa, in allu-

Pentecost

sion to the colour of the vestments worn on that day, as well as to the scattering of rose leaves in memory of the Tongues of Fire, and as

emblems of divine love. The feast derives its name of Pentecost from the Greek word for fiftieth, and is an allusion to the Jewish festival of that name having been held on the fiftieth day after the Passover. Its English name of Whitsunday (White Sunday) reminds us that the solemn administration of baptism was at one time part of the ceremonies in honour of the day, the newly baptised being dressed in white. The Christian Pentecost commemorates the descent of the

Holy Ghost fifty days after the Resurrection, and the ceremonies attendant upon it vary according to time and place. The blowing of trumpets at the moment of the entoning of the "Veni Creator Spiritus, during Mass, is one of the oldest of these, and symbolises the rushing of the wind when the days of Pentecost were accomplished and they were together in one place." The discharge of fire from the church roof, in memory of the Fiery Tongues, and the letting loose from a tower, or, sometimes, within the sacred building itself, of snow-white doves in honour of the Holy Ghost, is also very ancient. In Russia flowers and green branches are carried in the hands during religious processions at Pentecost.

Each year on the feast of St. Paul of the Cross (28th April) the Passionist Fathers cele-

St. Paul brate the festival with great solemof the nity. This year, according to Cross custom, in the various churches of the Fathers, the festival was observed

with befitting ceremonial, panegyrics of the saint were preached and his relics venerated by the people. In the Basilica of SS. John and Paul, Rome, where the relics of the Saint repose, the decorations were most elaborate, and the splendid edifice illuminated by over fifteen hundred electric lights. Cardinal Vicho pontificated, and the Sacred College was further represented by Cardinals Frürwith, Ronuzzi, Boschi and Gori. The visitors included several Bishops, Generals of Orders, Monsignori, and distinguished laymen. The Community of SS. John and Paul's present included the Father Vice-General and Very Rev. Father Hilary, C.P. (of the Anglo-Hibernian Province), General Consultor.

Patriotism is a virtue and is, thus, shown more clearly

An Acid Test are not sufficient indication of love of country; there must be distinct efforts to repel the evil and advance the good. Some will be called to do

more than others; some must work in the limelight; some in the shade. All who profess even a small desire to aid Ireland can be of real help, and this with-

out any extra trouble to themselves. Man, woman and child can help. The rich and the poor can help. The strong and the weak can help. The simple remedy of making Ireland prosperous is to strongly support Irish manufactures. Let every halfpenny spent purchase goods of native make. Do not wait till a certain factory starts. It is demand will produce supply. Is it not strange that, for instance, a Japanese leadpencil can be obtained more easily than an Irish one? Let us do the things within our reach. There is no excuse for the sincere Irishman neglecting to help his country's manufactures, the steady support of which may, in truth, be called the acid test of Irish patriotism.

The bonfires which blaze forth on hill, dale and cross-roads on St. John's Eve, 23rd June,

An or Bonfire Night, as it is popularly called by Irish children, serve to link the names of St. John the Baptist,

St. Patrick, and this ancient nation of Ireland. The bonfires tell of almost two thousand years ago when most of the present day Powers were unknown, and when our own Ireland boasted a distinct civilisation, second to Rome only, having its own laws, its own festivals, its own religious observances, all carried out intelligently and systematically. The false gods of the pagans were propitiated by the important festival of mid-summer. St. Patrick did not eradicate this custom, but simply changed its objective. The pagan rejoicing was altered to doing honour to St. John the Baptist, the cousin and precursor of Our Divine Lord. This is but one of the numberless acts which shows the genius of the statesmanship of St. Patrick, who so happily knew when to eradicate and when to adapt. 23rd June! St. John's Eve! Bonfire Night! What memories of our ancient nation!

Six months after the practical cessation of hostilities,

there is a tendency to maintain the high prices of materials, and, and its strangely enough, some—as butter, for instance—stand twenty-five per cent. higher in price than they did

this time last year. Future prospects are not re-assur-

ing, as evidenced by the recent estimates in which the English Chancellor of Exchequer could do nothing better than cutting down the military Bill for postwar period to eleven times the figure at which it stood pre-war. No wonder that the practice of economy is preached! Economy! What does this mean? Too often it is accepted as a cutting down of mere personal expenditure. No harm for the waster to live more regularly. No harm for the luxurious to live more simply. It is not to these alone the doctrine of economy is preached, for the poor, too, must retrench. The worker and his wife who but barely can afford to rear their young family must retrench. Their insufficient supplies of milk, butter, bread, tea, potatoes, vegetables, meat; their insufficiency of warm clothing and coal must still go on, or perhaps be further curtailed. This is nothing less than triffing with a nation's health, and is assuredly an abuse of economy. It is a serious national danger. In the cutting down of expenditure, the mother of the worker's home will be called to play the most important part. In her hands largely rests the health of her little ones, and consequently the health of future Ireland.

THE CROSS

Since the spirit of Christianity is peace and love, it should be no surprise to Catholics to find that the earliest suggestion, Catholic Origin so far as modern history is conof Peace cerned, of the meeting of the repre-Congresses sentatives of different nations, with

a view to the settlement of differences by peaceful arbitrament, has been traced to a French monk, Eméric Crucé, author of "The New Cyneas," published in 1623. The work is in the form of a discourse addressed to the sovereign princes of his time, and pleads for the establishment of a general peace, and liberty of conscience for all. He proposes that a city, preferably Venice, should be chosen as the meeting place, and counsels care with regard to the delicate question of priority: the place of honour being reserved for the Pope. A peace conference without the representative of the Prince of Peace, was a contradiction in terms that evidently never occurred to Frére Eméric Crucé!

THAT the great heart of the saintly Pius X broke with grief because his efforts to avert the "An Admittedly catastrophe of the world-war were Innocent and all in vain, is a fact of which the

Most Catholic anonymous author of "National and People" International," published in a recent

issue of "The Times Literary Supplement," is apparently ignorant. A deplorable ignorance—for, surely, ic could not be malice!—is also shown with regard to some other matters. But as not writers only, but sometimes readers too, are ill-instructed, it may be just as well to draw attention to the absurdity of the following paragraph:—"The Vatican in 1914, not for the first time, preferred politics to ethics, expediency, or what ignorance thought to be expedient, to right, and is beginning the payment of a penalty which will not be discharged in our time or in that of our sons.

It was convenient to lean on the support of Austria and Germany in peace and to refuse to condemn them either for turning peace into war, or for turning war into hell, and that at the immediate expense of an admittedly innocent and most Catholic people. . . The Roman claim to a wide-world spiritual authority was judged and found wanting when Belgium appealed in vain to Rome to pronounce judgment on her oppressors." In the Pope's Peace Note (August, 1917) we read: "On the part of Germany there must be the complete evacuation of Belgium, with a guarantee of her full political, military and economic independence towards all powers whatsoever; likewise the evacuation of French territory." However, if in spite of these suggestions from the Holy Father, some consider he was wanting in his duty to Belgium, then they will, surely, be more than ready to act in accordance with their own with regard to Ireland and her "admittedly innocent and most Catholic people." It was not, at all events, in connection with Belgium alone that the Pope tried to influence the Heads of the belligerent States. "The same spirit of equity and justice," said Pope Benedict, "must reign in the study of the other territorial and political questions, notably those relating to Armenia, the Balkan States, and to the territories forming part of the ancient Kingdom of Poland, to which, in particular, its noble historical traditions and the sufferings endured, especially during the present war, ought justly to assure the sympathies of nations." And no one could consistently sympathise with the Poles—"the Irish of the Continent"—and ignore Ireland, "the Poland of the Seas!"

TOMAS STREET (writes a Correspondent) is the prin

THOMAS STREET (writes a Correspondent) is the principal thoroughfare in the St.

Why not Saint Patrick's division of the capital of the most Catholic country in the Street? world. But it might as well have been named after Tam-'o-Shanter,

or Tom-o'-Bedlam for all its title board says to the contrary. It is the street where Emmet was hanged, and is also associated with memories of Wolfe Tone and other United Irishmen. Why mutilate its name, which should, by right, be St. Thomas-à-Becket Street! I ish people have no cause to blush for the brutal murder of the holy Archbishop of Canterbury. His blood is not upon their heads. The street took its name from the Abbey founded by Henry the Second while in Ireland, as an expiation for his share in the murder, and should, therefore, be, not simply "Thomas Street," but St. Thomas-à-Becket Street.

POLAND is a Catholic country, but she too has he

Poland is a Catholic country, but she too has her "Ulster" where Protestants are in the majority. Danzic, for instance, might be called the Belfast of Poland. But the Polich Protestants are every bit as patriotic as their

Catholic compatriots. The Protestant Synod of Warsaw recently drew attention to its complete union with the Catholics of Poland, and indignantly rejected the German claim to kindred with the Polish Protestants. The Synod furthermore declared that the Protestants of Poland would prefer the rule of their Catholic fellow countrymen to that of their foreign co-religionists. If Sir Edward Carson and his followers would take a lesson from the Polish Protestants, and sink religious differences for the sake of Ireland, as the Poles sink them for the sake of Poland, they would be acting in the best interests, not only of Ireland in general, but also of Ulster in particular.

Spiritism: The Modern Necromancy.

By REV. H. E. G. ROPE, M.A.

THE era that has ended mistook change for progress, and when it stumbled upon forgotten facts noisily hailed them as discoveries. Rebels against the Catholic order (which "is Europe and all our past," as Belloc says) have no sense of human continuity. The humanists regarded the Middle Age as "a great hollow" between two happy pagandoms. Today their descendants painfully struggle towards social remedies, which prove to be—the established

order of the "benighted" ages.

To the "enlightenment" of the 18th and 19th centuries the "black art" was an old wives tale, a nursery bugbear, a fable, remote from real life as the witch's broomstick, a theme for the somewhat heavy and vulgar pleasantry of the Ingoldsby Legends. We are beginning to know the Middle Age as it really was, an age when all the faculties of man achieved the highest music, not a fairyland of fantastic children. We are beginning to realise that while the humanists and the Voltairians slandered, the romantics travestied the Ages of Faith, as the Victorian Gothic travestied the inspired building art of the 13th century, an age of soaring imagination indeed, but an age of strong mental discipline and superb reasoning. And whoever has studied them knows well that the marvellous cathedrals themselves—remember how the vaulted roof of Reims withstood the German shells—are sublimely scientific.

To Holy Church the "black art" has ever been a

^{*}The decree of the Holy Office (23 June, 1840) distinguishes between the magnetism that merely applies physical means for an end that is neither unlawful nor in any way evil, and that which seeks to obtain truly supernatural results (effective vere supernaturales) which is simply an utterly forbidden and heretical deception (deceptio omnino illicita et hæreticalis). The condemnation is repeated and amplified in an Encyclical of the Holy Office of 30 July, 1856. (Quoted by Tanqueray from Acta S. Sedis, Vol. I., p. 177.)

very real thing, as it was in the Mosaic law. Against it she has definitely legislated, as did Moses. But one cannot live near icebergs, Father Faber said, without feeling a chill, and the spirit of the age seems to have blurred the subject even in Catholic minds. Divination, the black art, necromancy, spiritualism, are

essentially the same thing.

In Deuteronomy xviii, we read: "When thou art come into the land which the Lord thy God shall give thee, beware lest thou have a mind to imitate the abominations of those nations. Neither let there be found among you any one that . . . consulted soothsayers, or observeth dreams and omens, neither let there be any wizard, nor charmer, nor anyone that consulteth pythonic spirits, or fortune-tellers, or that seeketh the truth from the dead. For the Lord abhorreth all these things, and for these abominations He will destroy them at thy coming. . . . These nations, whose land thou shalt possess, hearken to soothsayers and diviners: but thou art otherwise instructed by the Lord thy God." Seeking the truth from the dead, seeking to learn by forbidden means what God has not revealed, this is the essence of Spiritism, and Moses declares that for this cause the Canaanites were abandoned to destruction. "A man or woman in whom there is a pythonical r divining spirit, dying let them die: they shall stone them: their blood be upon them" (Leviticus xx. 27). What is a medium but one in whom there is a pythonical or divining spirit? And what was the priestess, the pythoness at Delphi, subjected to a trance before uttering oracles, but a medium? And who can fail to see Spiritism in the cave of Endor, where Saul, by a witch medium, criminally invoked the spirit of Samuel? At Philippi, again, St. Paul exorcised a pythonical spirit from a girl whose obsession had brought gain to her masters" (Acts xvi. 16-19).

Spiritism,* magic and unlawful kinds of magnetism and hypnotism are but different forms of dealing with the devil and his angels, and "those who deal with the devil go to the devil." Mr. Raupert, who has devoted himself to warning others of the abyss from which he

was rescued, tells us how appalling is the fascination of Spiritism, once a soul betrays its guard, and how even in those rescued the mark of pitch, a certain disgust for the Sacraments, is scarcely in this life obliterated. Sometimes those who gaze recklessly over a precipice are beset with a horrible impulse to throw themselves down to certain destruction. Such is the fascination of forbidden curiosity. Does it not throw a strong light upon the Fall, rebellion born of lawless questioning?

Mr. Raupert's teaching, the harvest of bitter experience, is vividly and truly set forth in the late Mgr.

Benson's Necromancers.

It may be objected that many who dabble in Spiritualism have no thought of any compact with evil spirits. Quite so. The Prince of Darkness is not such a fool as to show himself to his potential dupes, or to begin by attacking their faith! His compacts are mostly implicit. Now, theology tells us that if a person employs means which cannot produce the desired end either of themselves or by the ordinance of Almighty God or His Church, there is an implicit pact with evil spirits, who alone can,* in such a case, produce the effect sought for. "For all divination comes from the operation of demons, since the demons are either expressly invoked to make known the future, or insinuate themselves into vain searchings of future things in order to entangle men's minds in vanity, that vanity which is spoken of in Ps. xxxix. 5, "Non respexit in vanitates et insanias falsas" (St. Thomas' Summa, 2, 2, q. 95, art. 1-3). It has been noted how often these juggling fiends "palter with us in a double sense" at séances. Now, this was a marked feature of the oracular responses of heathendom. Pyrrhus was told "Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse," a truly "diplomatic" answer! Others were lured to their doom by answers true in substance, but cunningly misleading in expression. Again the parallel with modern séances is striking. "He that loveth danger shall perish in it" (Ecclus. iii. 27).

^{*}The correct name. Spiritualism means properly the opposite of materialism in philosophy.

^{*}Yet by no means infallibly. Their power is strictly limited: and they are neither omniscient nor ubiquitous! Their clients cannot even be sure of hearing!

It is hardly necessary to describe the phenomena of Spiritism, whose present phase dates from the tableturnings and rappings of 1832 and 1848 in America, whence it spread swiftly over Europe, to fill the void left by materialism. Agnostics sneered at these things as conscious trickery. This may doubtless account for a certain proportion of cases, but is now abandoned by the educated as a general explanation. They have come to admit what the Church has always taught, that the strange happenings are, generally speaking, real and preternatural. Huxley and Tyndall reign no longer. The Encyclical of the Holy Office (30 July, 1856) expressly includes "invoking the souls of the dead, receiving answers, discovering things unknown and distant" as superstitious, forbidden, heretical, and a scandal to good morals. The Second Council of Baltimore says it can scarcely be doubted that those spiritistic phenomena which are not fraudulent are due to Satanic intervention, and can scarcely be explained otherwise. The results of dabbling in Spiritism upon its victims, the gradual surrender of the will, loss of the Faith, moral, mental and physical wreckage, are warningly set forth by Raupert and others who speak what they have heard and seen.

What Almigthy God has neither revealed nor placed within the reach of human reason or investigation by natural means we must be content not to know. If we contravene His decrees we involve ourselves in destruction. Those who seek to know what God has hidden from us can only apply to their fellow-rebels, the demons, and they do not even then gain their desire. Either they are told lies, or truth, so worded as to lead them on to ruin, or nothing at all. And those beings who appear to them are not the dead—how absurd is the notion that God would permit them to leave purgatory, heaven, or hell to assist others in breaking His law!—but demons who personate the departed.

Finally, to clinch the matter, Holy Church has spoken, recently and decisively. "In a plenary meeting of the Cardinals Inquisitors General in matters of Faith and Morals on April 24, 1917, to the question proposed 'whether it is lawful to assist at any spiritistic communications (locutionibus) or manifestations whatsoever, through a medium in common parlance or

without a medium, whether hypnotism be used or not, even when they present an appearance of respectability or piety either in interrogating souls or spirits or listening to answers or simply looking on, even with tacit or expressed declaration of not wishing to have anything to do with evil spirits,' the said most eminent and most reverend Fathers on April 27th decreed to reply 'in the negative on all points,'" the Pope has approved the resolution." (Tablet, June 16, 1917).

DAWN.

SEE heaven's sunflower unfold,
With glowing disk and leaves of gold,
As dawn, at first a seedling grey,
Grows slowly into full-blown day,
And, nurtured in the land of light,
Exhales the perfumes of the night.

Deep in the dimly-lighted vale
Warbles the lonely nightingale,
And, as its plaintive trillings stop,
Floats from you gleaming mountain top,
Where the sad harp of Memnon swings*
To music of its sun-swept strings),

Soft strains that mourn, with ling'ring breath,
That birth is so allied to death,
That their own song is only heard
When silent sits the sweetest bird;
That the sunflowers only rise
When the wan nightshade drooping dies.

M. BARRY O'DEI ANY.

*The fabled Harp of Memnon gave forth mournful music when swept by the beams of the morning sun.

Venerable Oliver Plunkett: The Last Tyburn Martyr.*

BY CHARLOTTE DEASE.

THE condemnation came, as he knew it would come, on the fifteenth of June, The trial ended and the death sentence was given. Oliver Plunkett received his sentence unmoved, and returned to his prison cell to await its execution. He immediately

wrote to inform his friend, Dr. Corker:—

on the fifteenth of June. The trial ended and the death "Dear Sir,—I am obliged to you for your favour and charity of the 20th, and for all your former benevolences and whereas I cannot in this country remunerate you; with God's grace I hope to be grateful in that Kingdom which is properly our country . . . I have many sins to answer for before the Supreme Judge of the High Bench, where no false witnesses can have audience. But as for the bench yesterday, I am not guilty of any crime there objected to me. I would I could be so clear at the Bench of the All-Powerful. You and your comrades' prayers will be advocates at that Bench. Here none are admitted for.—Your affectionate friend, Oliver Plunkett."

The last night he spent at Newgate is described by Dr. Corker: "The very night before he died, being now as it were at neart's ease, he went to bed at eleven o'clock, and slept quietly and soundly till four in the morning, at which time his man awakened him, so little concern had he upon his spirit, or rather, so much had the greatness of his end beautified the horror of the passage of it. . . There appeared in him something more than human. The most savage and hardhearted people were mollified and attendered at his sight... all believed in his innocence." Later he was led out into the press-yard at Newgate. He turned back towards the prison windows, behind which some of his friends were standing, and waved with his hand a last farewell. Then he was placed upon the sledge attached to two horses, and this strong carriage was pulled out

through the gateway over the stones. Three miles of rough road separated Newgate from the place of execution, and as the springless, wheeless vehicle made its bumping way over the rutty, uneven ground every nerve in the weak emaciated body of the victim must have responded painfully to each jerk. The mire which generally lay in thick layers on the surface splashed up into his face, and with hands tied he could not wipe it away. In groups along the highway were the populace, eager spectators of a sport as entertaining to them as bull-bating to the Spaniards. Many an epithet was addressed to the condemned man as he was dragged past, and many a lump of mud flung at him. Indifferent and perhaps oblivious of the crowd, Oliver Plunkett recited the Miserere, the Credo, the Pater, as he was carried along his via dolorosa. He was fiftytwo years old, but his hair was white, his face lined and worn; the marks of age were on him. The hardships of his life, the anxiety of his labours, as well as the eighteen months of imprisonment had weighed upon him and had done the work of years. Arrived at the gibbet Oliver Plunkett mounted the cart and was pushed to the hanging rope that awaited its burden. Pale, emaciated, weak, he stood looking down upon the sea of upturned faces of the expectant, noisy crowd. He raised his hand and the rowdy voices were quelled—a speech from the scaffold added another entertaining scene to the drama. But had he strength to speak, that worn, feeble man? For nearly an hour he held the populace. He gave the history of his arrest, the points of accusation against him; refuting them one by one he proclaimed his innocence. Then he said: "I do heartily forgive them [his betrayers] and also the judges who, by denying me sufficient time to bring my records and witnesses from Ireland, did expose my life to evident danger. I do also forgive all those who had a hand in bringing me from Ireland, to be tried here, when it was morally impossible for me to have a fair trial. I forgive all who did concur directly or indirectly to take my life, and I ask forgiveness of all those whom I have ever offended by thought, word or deed. The black cap was pulled over his head, he recited the Miserere until the cart was drawn away and his voice ceased to be heard. Suffered to hang until he was dead, his body

^{*} The opening instalment of this article appeared in our May Number.

was cut down, his heart taken out and thrown into the fire. The people who had witnessed the execution were greatly impressed by the scene. Quietly they withdrew from the gibbet saying to each other as they went:

"Surely to God this was an innocent man."

The body of Oliver Plunkett was begged of the King and was buried in the churchyard of St. Giles in the Fields. A copper plate on the coffin bore this inscription: "In this tomb resteth the body of the Right Reverend Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland, who, in hatred of religion, was accused of high treason by false witnesses, and for the same condemned and executed at Tyburn, his heart and bowels being taken out and cast into the fire. He suffered martyrdom with constancy the first of July, 1681, in the reign of King Charles the Second." A lady called Elizabeth Sheldon and a surgeon named John Ridley obtained the head and arms of the martyr. The head enclosed in an ebony case was taken by Dr. Corker to Rome, and eventually given to Dame Catherine Plunkett of the Dominican Convent, Drogheda—his grandniece. Dr. Croker also succeeded in conveying the body to the Benedictine Monastery at Samlespring in Germany. When in 1883 it was taken to Downside one arm came into the possession of the English nuns in Paris; the other is preserved at the Franciscan Convent, Taunton.

IN THE GLEN.

WHILE she goes down the gorsen glen,
A begging-woman with shoulders bowed,
Over and over and over again
She says her Aves half-aloud.
As through the wrinkled fingers slip
The worn and various-mended beads,
Held close in firm and loving grip,
Only God's own gifts now she pleads.

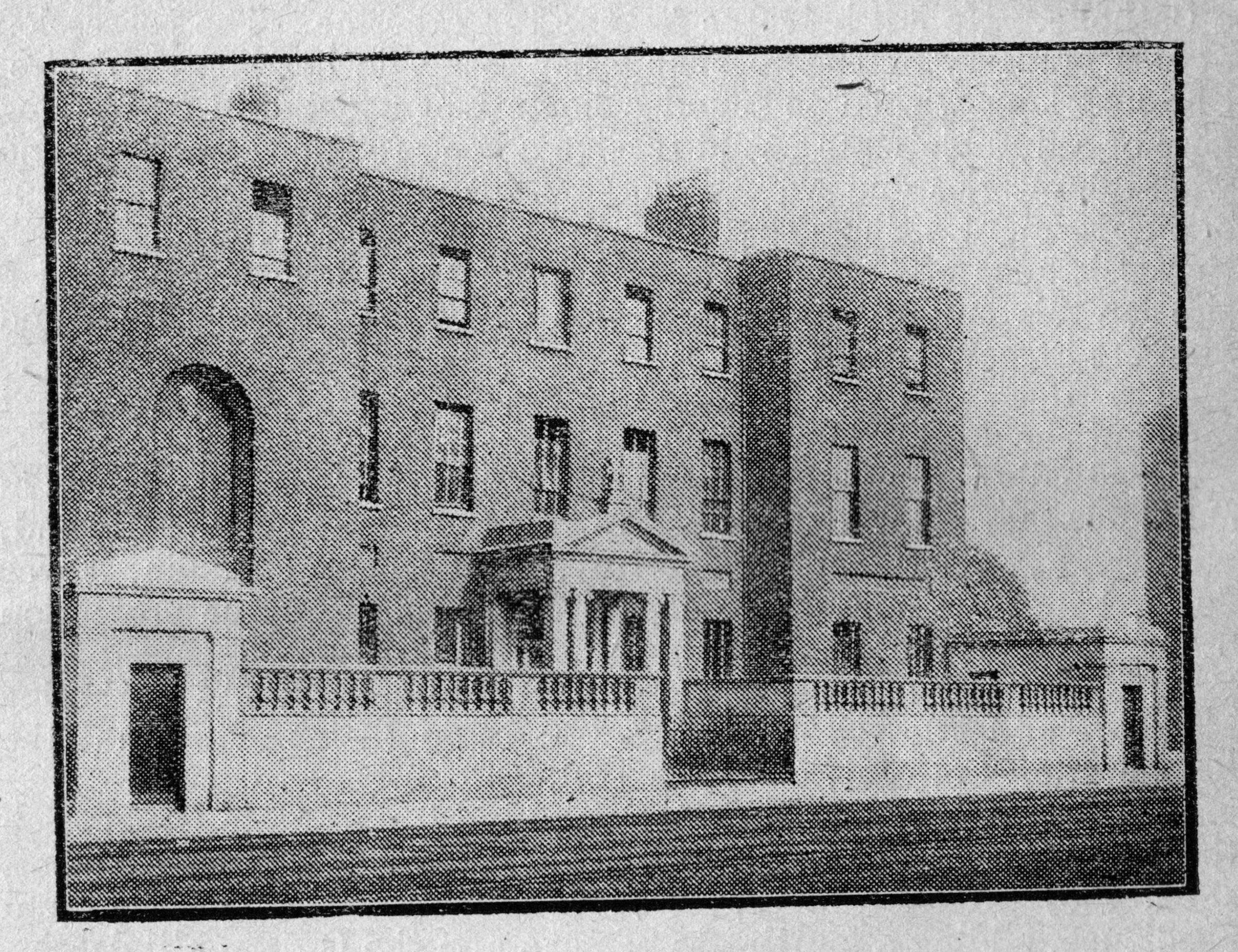
What happy, holy thoughts are hers?
What radiance lights the dusk of her day?
What Presence in the solitude stirs,
Companioning her upon her way?
A begging-woman, all alone
Wandering among the Ulster hills—
Yet I see her very near a Throne
Where Angels make their canticles.

P. J. O'CONNOR DUFFY.

Catherine McAuley: Foundress of the Sisters of Mercy.

BY LOUISE M. STACPOOLE KENNY.

E revere many great and holy saints in this our Island of Saints, but many of them lived in the distant Past, and we find it difficult to picture them to ourselves, to feel a real human love for them, glorious and heroic though they be. We find they are too high above us. It is different with Catherine McAuley. She is practically of our own time; at any rate, we can realise her attractive personality, and we can



MERCY CONVENT, BAGGOT STREET.

easily visualise her. Every day in the lanes and alleys we meet her spiritual children, and, therefore, we can draw a mental portrait of Catherine, attired in the black habit, her golden hair hidden beneath the white coif and black veil, her blue eyes shining with sweet serenity, with womanly kindness.

Catherine was born on the Feast of St. Michael the Archangel, the 27th September, 1787, at Stormanstown House, Co. Dublin. After her father's death, when she was still a child, the pecuniary affairs of the family got so involved that Mrs. McAuley was compelled to sell Stormanstown.

She and her three children—Catherine was the eldest—came to reside in Dublin. So that nearly all Catherine's life was spent in

our beautiful capital.

Well! our heroine had many difficulties to encounter. Most of her relatives were Protestants, and on the death of her mother Catherine was up against her friends, who wished her to give up the Faith of her Fathers. Her brother and sister had already become Protestants. Catherine's interior troubles were intense, and in her distress she consulted Dean Lube, of St. James' Church, and Dr. Betagh, and later on had an interview with the Rev. Dr.

Murray, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin.

The friendship of these wise and saintly men greatly aided the girl, and when, in 1803, she was adopted by Mrs. O'Callaghan, of Coolock House, Co. Dublin, they allowed her to follow the dictates of her conscience. They not only permitted her to perform works of mercy, but even supplied her with the necessary funds; they would not, however, permit her to have a crucifix or any emblem of Catholicism. Her prayers for their conversion were heard. Mrs. O'Callaghan, on her death-bed, was received into the Church, and in 1822, when on the point of death, Mr. O'Callaghan also became a Catholic. He left his large fortune to Catherine. The possession of this property helped to enable her to attain her heart's desire. She had long wished to found a home where children and young girls of a humble class would receive a good religious training, and where domestics and women workers would find shelter when out of employment. She also wished to visit the sick and dying. With the assistance of Father Armstrong and Dr. Blake she secured a site for this building at the junction of Upper Baggot Street and Herbert Street.

The first stone was laid by Dr. Blake, in 1824, and from that

moment the good work went on apace.

Gradually the little society of holy women became so religious in character that it was determined to give them a monastic rule, and, with the approbation of Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, it was decided that the new Congregation should be under the protection of Our Lady of Mercy. In June, 1830, the Institute received from Pope Pius VIII. a Restrict, dated 23rd May, 1830, and Catherine McAuley and two sisters arranged to begin their novitiate at the Presentation Convent, George's Hill, Dublin.

On the second day of the Octave of the Immaculate Conception the three postulants received the habit, and on 12th December, 1832, they pronounced the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, adding a fourth—to persevere in the Order until death.

Catherine was unanimously elected first Superior of the Congregation, an office which she held for the rest of her life. Usually the office of Superior is held for three years; in case of a foundress it may be held for six years.

The new Congregation spread rapidly, not only in Ireland, but in England, Scotland, the United States, Australia, indeed, where-ever the English language was spoken foundations were made, and

subjects flocked in seeking admission.

The Archbishop of Dublin once playfully remarked: "Mother Catherine is the greatest enemy of the fashionable world; she has robbed the parks and the ball-rooms of their fairest ornaments," and this remark of his applied with equal truth to other cities and towns.

The lives of the Sisters of Mercy are devoted to the strenuous duties of instructing the ignorant and teaching the young, visiting the sick in their own homes, visiting prisoners, directing and managing hospitals, orphanages and homes for distressed women.

They make perpetual vows, observe choir, spend six or seven hours daily in spiritual exercises, and three weeks yearly in retreat—the summer retreat of eight days, a triduum during the three last days of the year and the first Sunday of every month.

They lead the life of Mary and of Martha, giving as they do so



MOTHER CATHERINE MCAULEY.

much time each day to prayer and contemplation, mortifying their wills more than their bodies, for, like St. Ignatius of Loyola, Mother Catherine McAuley considered dying to self and self-love a nobler, a more heroic, and infinitely more difficult task than practising exterior austerities and severe corporal mortifications.

Words cannot convey an adequate idea of their wonderful kindness and gentleness to the sick poor. One has to see them at their difficult, and sometimes even revolting task, to thoroughly appreciate their selfless devotion, their extraordinary courses.

ing them by her own glorious example how most meritoriously

ciate their selfless devotion, their extraordinary courage.

Needless to say that their loved Foundress led the way, show-

and most efficiently to perform their various duties. They can one and all say with the writer of the following verses:—

"May we be truly 'Sisters of Mercy'
To God's afflicted and suffering poor—
Teaching them how they may sanctify sorrow—
Striving to make their 'election' sure;

Guarding the lambs to our care entrusted—Guiding their steps to their Home above, And though their lives be dark and dreary, Bidding them trust in their Father's love."

And they one and all devoutly join in the prayer:—

-----"O humbly we pray that this honoured Mother Soon the title of Saint may bear
O Mary your Son will not refuse us
If you but whisper Him our small prayer."

The spirit of the Order is one of love and of cheerfulness. Mother McAuley's rule combined "Love without remissness, vigour without sharpness." If she exhorted her children to behave like Jesus, she herself was careful to command like Mary. She had a way of appealing to the better qualities of those under her charge, and she trusted them so entirely that they often said "they could not have the heart to disappoint her." Like St. Francis de Sales, she believed in adhering more to the spirit than the letter, and when she deemed it advisable she modified a rule. There is a striking example of this broad-minded spirit of her's in her treatment of the two Poor Clares lay Sisters in Limerick.

In 1838, at the earnest request of the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, Bishop of the Diocese, Mother Catherine, accompanied by Mother Elizabeth Moore and three other Sisters, came to the ancient City of the Violated Treaty to open a house at the celebrated monastic site, St. Peter's Cell. This place may, indeed, be called holy for since 1171, when King Donald O'Brien gave it to the Canonesses of St. Augustine, it has been in the hands of successive religious communities. In 1833 the Poor Clares, who were then in residence, were compelled to give it up. The Nuns sought refuge in other Convents of their Order; but two lay sisters, Sister Mary and Sister Anne, stayed on, continuing to teach the poor children of the district.

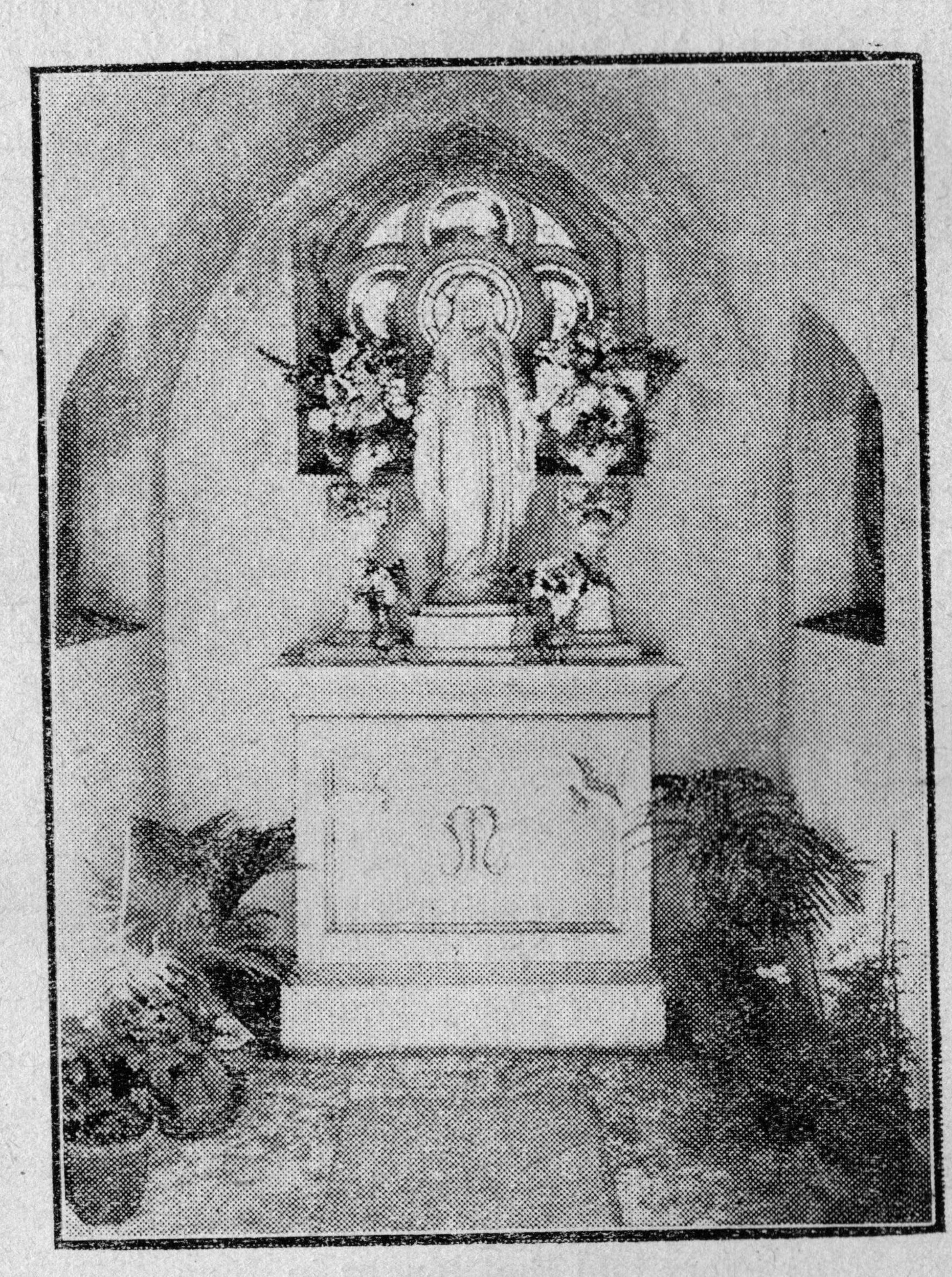
When Mother Catherine arrived, these two holy souls met her with open arms, looking upon her as a ministering angel sent by God to them. They gave her a warm Irish welcome. They implored her to allow them to be affiliated to the Sisters of Mercy. This earnest petition Mother Catherine graciously granted, though as a rule she never consented to such a request, yet under the extraordinary circumstances, and with the warm approval of the Bishop, she for once decided to make an exception, and she not only received them into the Order, but raised them to the rank of choir sisters, and gave them the first place in the new Community.

In the spring of 1844 Mother Catherine's health broke down. She had a troublesome cough, and suffered grievously in other

ways. When the Sisters entreated her to take a rest and a change of air, she replied cheerfully and with her sunny smile: "I will not go outside the Cloister for the sake of my frail body. The enclosure is sacred to me," and she quoted her favourite verse:

"Ne'er quitted but to solace man, Ne'er entered but to worship God."

Catherine McAuley had never spared herself. As long as life



TOMB OF THE SERVANT OF GOD, BAGGOT STREET.

lasted she would be up and doing, absolutely regardless of the pain and suffering her exertions caused her weak body.

At this time she was asked to found Houses at Birmingham and at Liverpool, and she insisted on doing so in person. At Liverpool she was seriously indisposed, the racking pain grew hourly worse, and on the way home she became seriously ill. It is recorded that—

"Rev. Mother's clothing was scanty, and her shoes old and worn—the damp, cold day in Liverpool tried her seriously, and the tossing of the Channel crossing over prostrated her."

The strain told on her enfeebled frame, and although she still kept up a huge correspondence, and personally superintended the

working of the Order, yet she gradually grew weaker and weaker. On All Saints' Day, 1841, she became dangerously ill, and had to take to her bed. She was absolutely resigned, nay, glad, to pass away, exclaiming: "Oh! if I had thought death could be so sweet, I would never have feared to die." The Sisters came in turn to say good-bye, and to each and all she said: "My legacy to the Order is Charity."

At 8.30 a.m. on the 11th November, Mass was offered up in her cell. During the day she saw several priests, but when towards evening her doctor visited her, she said with extraordinary calmness: "It is drawing to a close. I will soon die." They gave her the blessed candle, and she held it quite firmly while the prayers for the dying were recited, herself giving the responses in a clear, distinct voice. Then she looked lovingly at the kneeling Sisters. She noticed that some of them who had come from a distance looked very weary and exhausted, and, turning to one of the Nuns of the Baggot Street Convent, she whispered with extraordinary thoughtfulness, considering she was on the point of death: "These dear sisters look so very tired. Mind you get them nice cups of hot tea when I am gone." There is something very womanly and very human about this last request of one who was a very womanly and very human and very loving Mother as well as a great and heroic Servant of God. At 8 o'clock she blessed her present and absent spiritual children, and then quietly closing her eyes, passed peacefully away.

SUPPLICATION.

! Soul of Christ, Man of all men, May every word my thoughts can pen Be pure as dew-drops on each flower, To speak my love for Thee each hour. May every rose on every tree Be one sweet song of praise to Thee. May every bud that laughs in June Be endless ecstasies of tune. May every gentle zephyr bear A bouquet bright of fervent prayer. May every wave that ripples by Waft melodies divine on high. May sparkling sunbeams bright that play Shed beauteous blooms that ne'er decay. May shooting stars that thrilling dart Be souls, pure, white, to laud Thy Heart. May flowering fruit trees fragrant fling Soft petals where the thorns did sting. May earth and sky and moon and sun All chant Thy praises one by one. May every pulse of mortal frame Be pæans of love to Jesus' Name!

ISABEL BURKE.

In the Days of the Wild Geese

A TALE OF SARSFIELD'S TIMES.

BY GREGORY BARR, Author of "RETRIBUTION," &c.

PART III.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE PLOT.

TYTHEN Helen was dressed for the ball, her aunt entered her room, and said:

"Mignonne! I have just got a touch of vertigo, and I would fear to go into a crowded ballroom, so I have asked Mademoiselle de Mèramour to chaperon you."

"Dearest aunt, I can stay with you if you feel ill."

"On no account would I wish it, and poor Mademoiselle is delighted to get the chance. Victorine is dressing her."

Mademoiselle de Mèramour was a lady of noble birth, but poor,

and she lived with Madame la Marquise as a companion.

Helen flattered herself that as she wore a domino no one would know her at the ball, but the moment "Erin" appeared, all recognised her. She wore a white dress, beautifully embroidered with silver shamrocks, and her white domino was surmounted by the Star of Erin.

Numerous claimants for a dance appeared, but she declined all. She was determined not to dance that night, but to sit in a quiet

place, whence she could see all.

Though she scanned every arrival, she could perceive no crusader. She was just wishing that she could take a walk round the ball-room when she saw a little demon in black and yellow with a black domino skipping towards her. She said to her chaperon: "Our friend, the Count, only wants the cloven foot to make the resemblance complete."

The quasi-demon asked Erin to dance, but the latter said: "I have refused Bayard, Achilles, Mars—and shall I yield to a demon? Certainly not. But I have no objection to taking a slow walk round, even though escorted by a demon."

The Count was overjoyed, whilst she wished simply to be able

to ascertain if the "Crusader" had arrived or not.

No crusader was there. When assured of this, she expressed a

wish to sit down.

The Count had been gradually bringing her near the conservatory, which opened off the ball-room. The cool green looked refreshing, and the soft light offered a pleasant contrast to the glare of the ball-room. Just inside the entrance there were seats in front of waving palms.

"If Erin would deign to sit here, she could find no more suit-

able resting-place," said her artful escort.

Helen acquiesced, glad to be in a retired place. She sat down,

wearily, thinking that now, at least, it was all over. She would soon leave Paris, and then—one chapter of her life was ended.

She did not perceive that a door leading from without had been half opened and then closed after the opener had received a signal from the Count.

In a few minutes a servant entered the conservatory with a letter which he said he had been desired to deliver at once to the

lady who personated "Erin."

Helen's heart gave a bound—was it from him? But on looking at the writing she recognised that it was Victorine's. It was

marked "Urgent." When Helen had read it she said:

"Monsieur le Comte, this letter is too serious to permit me to keep up the pretence of disguise. My aunt is seriously ill, and has sent for me. She wants me at once. I do not know where my chaperon is, and I may suffer some delay in seeking her. Read this," handing him the letter.

"I would advise Mademoiselle to return at once. The maid says she is in the carriage. If I may, I shall escort Mademoiselle home, and then return to fined Mademoiselle de Méramour. As by that time the dominos will be removed, I can at once find her."

"I could not dream of giving you such trouble," replied Helen.

"No trouble whatever; any delay may be serious."

Helen allowed herself to be persuaded. She asked Victorine if her aunt were in danger. Victorine answered, hesitatingly, that she hoped not.

"What does the doctor say?" asked Helen.

"I left before he came, Miss," replied the maid, falteringly. Silence ensued. The Count remained silent, to Helen's relief. As the carriage drove on, she reviewed the past few months. The intoxicating joy, followed by the overwhelming disappointment and sorrow. Now she had nothing to live for. All was bleak, and cold, and dark. Just as dark as her surroundings. And she started. Why was the road so dark? It had been one blaze of light from Paris to the Duc de Rohan's palace, where the ball took place, and this illumination was to continue until the guests returned from the ball. Then—they were now driving from and not to Paris.

"Monsieur le Comte, this is not the way to Paris. Whither are

you bringing me?"

"My aderable Helen! I am bringing you to lifelong happiness

with me in my——

Shriek after shriek rent the air, as the unfortunate girl sprang to the carriage door to try to get out, but he was too quick for her, and held the handle tightly.

Putting her head out of the window, she screamed: "Help,

help, help."

The Count laughed softly. She might scream herself hoarse, and no one would hear her on that lonely road.

"Help, help. Oh God! send me help."

From a distance came a faint reply. Then shouts. Then the sound of horses galloping. A shot rang out. Lighted torches flashed. One of the carriage horses fell dead, and Helen was saved.

A number of riders, with black crêpe covering their faces, surrounded the carriage. One pointed a pistol at the Count's forehead, saying: "Move hand or foot, you hound, and I shoot you dead." Another, a gigantic figure, said to Helen in a voice which she knew—oh! too well, and which made her heart throb:

"Mademoiselle, dismount quickly. There is a carriage at hand with your own maid, and I shall drive you home, whilst my friends deal with that scoundrel."

Victorine sprang from the carriage, and fell at Helen's feet, saying: "For God's sake, Miss, take me with you, and I will tell you all. Don't leave me here. When you know all you will forgive

"Let her come," said Helen to her rescuer. Her kind heart would not let her refuse.

Helen's Irish maid, Brigid, was waiting in the carriage, and to

the two Victorine told her sad tale.

She had been lady's maid to the last Countess of Varennes. Yielding to the vice of gambling which was then prevalent, she contracted a heavy debt. In order to discharge this she stole a diamond which she found loose in a casket belonging to the Countess. The Count discovered this theft, threatened to denounce her to the authorities, and to have her whipped and branded. She knew only too well that he had the power to do all this, for the nobles could treat the poor as they wished in those days.

Pretending to relent, he said he would refrain from punishing her as long as she obeyed him implicitly. Since then, he held this threat over her head to force her to do his will in everything. He had given her a potion to administer to Madame la Marquise to cause the vertigo which prevented her from going to the ball.

"I will drown myself if I cannot get free from him," sobbed the poor girl, as she implored Helen's pardon, which was granted.

When the carriage arrived at the de Brignan Palace, O'Driscoll threw the reins to his companion and alighted. They had both removed their crêpe masks.

As Patrick assisted Helen from the carriage, she asked, timidly:

"Won't you come in to allow my aunt to thank you?"

"I cannot, indeed, I cannot.

And such a look of deep agony was on his face that she was awed by it. She felt that here was a sorrow beyond his power of control, and, whilst she could not understand it, she perceived that, great as was her suffering, his was greater. In silence she gave him her hand; he kissed it and was gone.

Helen resolved to take up the broken threads of her life, and to weave them in a network of help for the afflicted. She felt that Patrick O'Driscoll's heart was true to her, and that his withdrawal

was due to some cause over which he had no control.

The O'Driscoll, on arriving at the Hotel Rampierre, asked if Madame la Duchesse had yet returned from the ball. "Oh! yes, some time ago," was the reply. He wrote a few lines on a card, and sent it to her. The servant soon returned, requesting the Colonel to come to Madame's room. She was in her dressing room in a low chair at a bright wood fire. She wore a crimson cashmere dressing gown, trimmed with fur, and looked at him so kindly as he approached. She said:

"I have been expecting you, my son, to come to me. I have seen for some time that you were in trouble. Now, what is it?"

Patrick told her everything simply. When he had ended, she

said: "You could hardly have acted differently once you were reminded of your promise to your mother. Pity was, that you ever forgot it. And now?"

"I shall leave Paris for Rome to-morrow."

"You shall leave Paris within an hour," she replied energetically. "You little realise the power wielded by that bad man. He has spies everywhere and agents to boot. Were you to leave Paris to-morrow in broad daylight you would never reach Rome. I am sorry to send you away, but go you must and at once.

"And what of Helen?" he asked.

"I shall bring her here to-morrow and keep her with me until I can get her out of France in disguise as the only means of securing her safety."

Within an hour the O'Driscoll and Darby were on their way to

the Eternal City, which they reached in safety.

One week later three country women—evidently an old mother and her two daughters—were driven by a Breton peasant in a common country cart out of Paris in the early morning. When challenged by the sentry at the city gate, the lad answered with a broad Breton accent:

"En avant" (pass on).

On they went along the course of the Seine, by bare hedgerows and brown fields—on through lonely country roads until they came to a place where a little boat was drawn up at a landing place. The three women left the cart—the old, white-haired lady placing so much gold in the driver's hand that he stared at it open-qmouthed.

"Truly, Madame la Duchesse has sent me more than enough money to keep myself and my old mother for life," he muttered.

Down the river the boat wended its way with its peasant passengers rowed by a grizzled old sailor. Down it went until Havre was reached, and there a hooker flying the Irish flag was sighted. Here the peasant freight was taken aboard, and the old grizzled man richly rewarded.

The hooker weighed anchor, and made for the open sea. Once there, the three women threw off their disguises, and Helen MacVeagh kindly raised Victorine from her knees when the latter

knelt to thank her deliverer.

Ireland was reached in safety, and neither by word nor sign did Helen ever let her parents know of the wound she kept concealed in her heart.

(To be concluded in our next Number.)



Life of Father Charles, C.P

EDITED BY A PASSIONIST FATHER.

CHAPTER X

DEVOTED CLIENT OF OUR BLESSED LADY.

LOSELY united with Father Charles' love for Jesus was his love for Our Blessed Lady. The sufferings of the Son and the Dolours of the Mother were ever entwined with his thoughts, and to them may be attributed his gift of tears. He reverenced our Redeemer as the Author of Grace, and Our Lady as the dispenser of the gifts of her Divine Son. To the One he gave the adoration due to the Godman, to the other all the honour which belongs to the highest and holiest of creatures. He knew full well that in order to become a true Passionist it was indispensably necessary to be a faithful client of Mary, for our Divine Lord on the Cross had bequeathed her to be our Mother, so that ever since the children of the Passion must also necessarily be children of Mary. Moreover, many of the Church's Doctors have shown that "to find Mary is to find life," St. Alphonsus declaring that devotion to her is the mark of predestination, and St. Bonaventure assuring us that "all who confide in the protection of the Blessed Virgin shall see the gates of Heaven opening to receive them."

Whether as a youth, a novice, a student, or a priest, Father Charles was remarkable for his filial devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Several hundred times (it might be reckoned by the thousands) did he daily repeat the holy name of Mary. Entering or leaving his cell, he knelt and recited a Hail Mary, and his salutation to anyone knocking at his door was, "Ave Maria." Whenever he uttered her name, no matter where he might be, he lifted his biretta in token of his profound respect for the Queen of Heaven. Through the agency of that name, it may be truly said, that he "crushed the serpent's head," and great was his zeal in teaching the little ones, as well as the aged, to practice the repetition of it. The prayers which Father Charles wrote during his lifetime would fill a good-sized volume, yet there is scarcely one that does not tend to arouse feelings of affection for, and to seek the aid of, Mary Immaculate. And that name which was his shield during life was invoked by him with a heavenly sweetness in his last hours.

Every day he recited the Holy Rosary and Litany of Loretto, and no more fervent voice joined in the singing of the beautiful Litany of the Immaculate Conception—Tota pulchra es Maria—at night prayers than that of Father Charles. Nothing gave the old man's heart greater joy than to get the young religious to sing with him a hymn to Mary. And when the chimes rang out Mary's praises he would pause and listen with evident delight. The sublime words of the Magnificat, when sung at solemn Vespers, thrilled his heart, and made him look as if enraptured.

Towards that glorious dogma of the Catholic Church, the Immaculate Conception, which holds "that the Blessed Virgin Mary, in the first instant of her Conception, by a special grace and privilege of Almighty God, in view of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of mankind, was preserved free from all stain of original sin," Father Charles had a wondrous devotion, thus imitating St. Paul of the Cross, who, long before it was defined as an Article of Faith by Pius IX., manifested his belief in it by declaring that if necessary he would shed his blood in its defence.

When May-Mary's month came, and the thousands gathered, the music swelled, the bells pealed, the gay banners floated, and the children strewed flowers, there was no heart gladder at Mount Argus than that of the venerable Father, who, no matter what the fatigue might be, always participated in the joyous processions. And as he walked along, thinking of Mary's happiness in Heaven, the crowds flocked to gaze on him, to kiss his habit, or, perchance, to

carry away portion of it as a remembrance of him.

But the most remarkable feature of his veneration for Our Blessed Lady was his devotion to her Dolours. He seemed ever pondering over that sea of sorrow which deluged the soul of Mary, and caused her to suffer more than all the martyrs, and nothing, after the Sacred Passion, tended more to estrange him from everything savouring of worldliness, with its maxims and manners, and to enable him to talk worthy of his vocation, than the memory of his broken-hearted Mother at the foot of the Cross. He constantly wore a Dolour beads around his neck, and availed of every favourable occasion to spread devotion to Mary's Sorrows. In order to console others who were grief-stricken, he used to tell them all that the tender-hearted Mother suffered, from the time of Simeon's prophecy until with reverent hands she laid her Divine Son's body in the tomb, and by this means strengthened many to bear the heavy yoke of the world's crosses with serenity, so that they assimilated their lives to Mary's, and cultivated her inward spirit of resignation.

The most perfect devotion which Father Charles practised towards the Blessed Virgin was the copying of her virtues, especially of her supernatural affection for her Son, which not only during life made her a partaker of His Sorrows, and the most faithful imitator of Him, but in the end caused her to die of pure

love.

Souls most attached to Jesus are always the most devoted to Mary, for no one ever honoured her as He who was the Redeemer of the world did; hence, they would fail in becoming like unto Him were they to be wanting in their devotion to the Mother of God.

(To be continued.)

cailini az caint.

Μάιρε—30 mbeannuizio Όια όμιτ, α θρίζιο. Βρίζιο—Όια τη Μμιρε όμιτ, α Μάιρε. Conup τά τά αμ

m.—50 mait ap pao, buideacar le Oia. Opuil cu féin 50

V.—níl aon cúir seapáin asam. Tá rlasoán opm le camaill ac ip vois tiom so bruit reabar mon onm inviu.

m.—mait an rcéal é! Mac aluinn an maioin í?

0.—17 áluinn, motao món le Oia! Tá an Sampao againn ré veine.

Mi reappainn teir an m.—Azur cá mile fáilce poimir.

Sampao 50 veó, vá mb'féivin é.

b.—Tá a áilneact féin i ngac réaruip, a rtóp. Azur vá mbead an Sampad 1 5comnui ann, b'féidip 50 mbeitea cuipreac 50 leon ve 1 5ceann camailt.

m.—D'révoin é, maire; ir veacain rinn vo raraim.

D.—uell, ní hé piúo ac é reo. Cá caitrio cú na laeteannta raome i mbliana?

m.—nac oubant leat 50 nabar cun téanma vo caiteam 1

zceann ver na Cotáircí Zaevitze?

V. - Mi oubpair in ao' cop. Ir minic a cuala tráct ap na Coláirtí céaona, ac ceapar Jup obain a bíonn an riubal ionta.

M.—Vionn obain asur aoibnear i oceannea céile ionea. Vionn vaoine as postuim na Saevilse so vian inp na Coláipcí rin, ac bionn a lán rpóint aca freirin.

D.—Cao é an rasar rpoint a bionn aca?

m.—Vionn céilió zac chácnóna aca—pinnci, ampáin, cluici, rcéalta azur zac uile ropt—azur bionn aeproeact zo minic aca azur bavonneact azur a lán caiteam aimpine man pin, azur Saevils vá labaint aca an tam ap fav,

D.—Azur cao é an razar vaoine a vionn inp na Coláirtí?

m.—Na voaoine ir veire i néipinn. Vaoine óza azur reanvaoine; Sasaint asur Opataineaca, muintéoini asur micléisinn azur 120 30 léin 30 cáinoeamail ir 30 vilir azur az cabhú lena céile i nsac plise.

b.—17 10nzantac an timtipe tú, a Máine. Ní pabar as cumineam an Colairte Zaevilze muain vo carav an a céile rinn, azur anoir cá ronn món opm out rian i n aonoció leac.

nó an rian a beio oo thiall?

m.—Sead, plap: 50 oci an Sproéal nó 50 Cappais an Cabal-Tais. Ac bionn raosal bneas i nsac Colairce—toip, tiap, tear nó tuaió—azur tá átar an domain opm tú beit az teact. Stån asat anoir.

D.—Stån azur beannact leat, a Maine.

muiris na móna

Holy Wells

BY E. SETON.

Rader S of Mgr. Benson may recollect in one of his earlier books—whether Papers of a Pariah or the Confessions of a Convert I cannot at the moment recall—an essay on a Roman Easter-tide and its rapturous description of the Office of Easter Eve at St. John Lateran. That wonderful Office, with all its symbolism, its triumph of accomplished Redemption, of fulfilled Prophecy, its glorious impressing of such created elements as fire and water into the praise of God, woke all his enthusiasm and appreciation. In particular, the Blessing of the Font and its liturgy setting forth the dignities and beauties bestowed by God upon His creature Water, evoked from him a pæan spontaneous, irrepressible, and sunlit as any leaping crystal streamlet's music. It is an outburst of sheer joy, that praise of the Blessing of Water, joy in the natural creation so linked by the great Creator into the marvellous chain of the supernatural graces of Redemption.

Water was favoured by God from the dawn of Creation. In the beginning God created heaven and earth: and the earth was void and empty, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the Spirit of God moved over the waters (Gen. i, 2). So that, as the Holy Saturday Office says, "even then the nature of water might receive the virtue of sanctification." In the desert, Moses, praying for the thirsty multitude of the Children of Israel, gives to this crystal element a beautiful name: "O, Lord God," he entreated, "hear the cry of the people, and open to them Thy treasure—a fountain of living water." The Easter Eve Blessing also recalls the miracle of Cana, when water was changed into wine by the omnipotent will of Jesus: "the conscious water saw its God and blushed," the Baptism by St. John of our Lord in the Jordan, His walking upon the sea with His sacred Feet, and the mystic Water that poured with the last drop of Precious Blood from out the pierced Sacred Heart.

Water is the foundation, the matter of the most essential of the seven Sacraments—Holy Baptism. To its natural virtue of cleansing the body is thus added a like grace for the soul: and the tides of Baptism become in very truth, "a living fountain, a regenerating water, a purifying stream, a fount . . . opened all over the world" by that Lord Who "by the streams of His abundant grace maketh glad His City." Is it any wonder that to this bright and limpid element, "this creature of water" that so refreshes nature, healing and curative powers should many a time have been granted by God through the merits and invocation of His Saints?

The greatest of all miraculous springs is undoubtedly the fountain opened by the compassion of the glorious Mother of God herself, the special gift of her Immaculate Conception, her loving return, as it were, to the Church Militant for its glorification of her sinlessness, newly proclaimed a dogma by Pope Pius IX., Lourdes. On the memories of the first bubblings of that wonderful tide of healing we need not linger, so well known is that beloved story.

In Rome the bright waters of the Tre Fontane constantly recall the martyrdom of the Mundi Magister, St. Paul, who was there beheaded, the sacred head of the wonderful apostle touching the ground three times, rebounding from the executioner's sword. There is a beautiful legend or tradition, quoted by Mrs. Hugh Fraser in her Italian Yesterdays, which describes how the great, tender-hearted Apostle met on his way to martyrdom one of his converts, a noble matron (named, if memory does not play me false, Claudia). Overcome with grief, the lady sank on her knees, weeping bitterly for the impending loss of her beloved spiritual Father. St. Paul paused to say some words of consolation, then, smiling, he asked her to render him one last service. Eagerly Claudia asked how she might do this, and the thoughtfully considerate Saint asked if she would charitably lend him her long veil that he might therewith bind his eyes on reaching the place of execution, promising to bring it back to her himself. The soldiers with him laughed loudly on hearing this, and said mockingly that they should like to witness the performance of such a promise. But Claudia, full of faith, had snatched her veil from her head and was offering it to her saintly Father in Christ. Smiling radiantly, he thanked her, and the procession moved onward, Claudia remaining in prayer. The moments passed. All at once the white Roman road was lighted up by a splendour more dazzling than the sun of Italy, yet soft and exquisite, and lo! before the Roman lady stood the magnificent Apostle once more, glorious in celestial vesture, the Martyr's halo about his brows, and in his outstretched hand her veil, how sacred now! And it was with a parting smile, sweet as an Easter dawn, that he then took his flight to Paradise.

Returning to our miraculous waters and Holy Wells (the Pool of Bethsaida, to which the Archangel Raphael communicated healing virtues, may be cited in passing as an Old Testament example), we find that these are perhaps most frequent of all in the footsteps, as it were, of the Celtic Saints. These wells are, of course, to be found in all lands, chiefly under the invocation of the sweet Salus Infirmorum, but in the lands of the Gael these sweet, mossy pools, beautiful in Nature and beautiful in Grace, seem to shine and gurgle by every wayside.

Very many Holy Wells owe their fame and the benediction bestowed on their waters to the fact of having been chosen as some ancient saint's font whence to dispense baptism. Others again have been consecrated by a martyrdom either carried out near them or else itself their miraculous origin. St. Paul's Tre Fontane are instances of the latter, and St. Winefride's famous Well in Flintshire is similarly said to have gushed suddenly from the spot, in its lovely valley, where the virgin Princess' head, smitten of by a suitor who wished to push his claims before God's, rested on the ground.

The story of this Welsh Saint is well known. She was a Prince's daughter, of great loveliness, and her one desire was to enter the cloister. Caradoc, a neighbouring prince, had long sued in vain for her hand, yet one day, nothing daunted, meeting her in the beautiful glen alone, he renewed his petition, to be met with the same reply. His love turning to sudden fury, he un-

sheathed his sword and pursued the retreating maid, angrily vowing vengeance. Winefride fled before him, but Caradoc, overtaking her, struck her fair head from her shoulders. Where her holy blood mantled the mossy stones a silver streamlet sprang, and tradition says that on those stones still the crimson marks of martyrdom lie like rubies. Her sainted uncle, Beuno, took his niece's body to his cell, and there it lay for three days. On the morning of the third day, as he had laid the martyr at the door of his little church and was saying Mass, the young saint came to life once more. And her holy uncle, after Mass, fell weeping on the neck of his dear child, a virgin, a martyr, a soul who for three days had gazed on the unveiled Face of her Spouse, and who, for love of Him, had consented to leave Him for a space longer that she might mount higher yet in the starry skies and lead other virgin souls to Him. Winefride was given back, yet there was a memorial of those marvellous graces, even in her body, for around the whiteness of her neck a single strand of scarlet ran, the necklace her Bridegroom had willed should henceforth adorn her. St. Beuno gave her the veil, and St. Winefride spent the remainder of her years in the seclusion of the cloister, training and guiding other consecrated souls. In statues she is always represented with the red trace of martyrdom thread-like round her neck, and with her Abbess' crosier in her hand, while her crown and palm proclaim her royal in her birth as in her death for Christ.

St. Winefride's Well, anciently much resorted to, from royal votaries downwards, has in our own day been restored to much of its former glory. The saint has worked some very marvellous cures at her shrine within recent years, and her last act of graciousness, the restoration of a mighty volume of water to her Well, that had been deprived of it for the first time in all the centuries since first it gushed, is one that will live for ever in the annals of Holywell. The magnificently arched Gothic shrine or chapel which stands above the crystal flood was built by the mother of Henry VII. Patients enter the Well by a descent of stone steps, as is the case at Lourdes also. A feature, unique we believe, among such healing shrines, is the artistic arrangement of the many crutches left in token of their cure by grateful clients of the Virgin Martyr. They are so disposed in the vaulted roof as to give the appearance of rich timber work. It may be added that St. Winefride has the reputation of being a saint quick to hear her clients: it is both unnecessary and useless to pay court to her for any prolonged period; three times, or three days' prayer, is quite sufficient. At the end of that time, so the saying goes, the patient will be either cured or should prepare devoutly for the next life. In olden times, pilgrimages to this early British saint's shrine were marked with much solemnity—no less than forty "stations" (precisely as in Ireland) being performed in the glen in her honour. These stations were marked by stones, which still exist.

(To be continued.)



A Literary Circle for Young Readers of "The Cross."

Conducted by FRANCIS.

...

RULES OF THE GUILD.

I. The Guild of Blessed Gabriel is a literary circle open to boys and girls under 18 years of age.

II. The members will be expected to spread devotion to Blessed Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows, by practising the virtues of purity, charity, and truth, and by living lives worthy of him who is to be their model and their guide.

III. They will at all times observe the conditions under which the competitions will be held.

IV. They will endeavour to bring as many new members as they can into the Guild of Blessed Gabriel.

OTHING that I could say about the beauty of the world about us could touch my young readers more deeply than this gem of a letter, written by one who has long since won the love and admiration of every member of the Guild. I feel that to cut out even one line would be an unpardonable crime.

MY POST BAG

Shallon House, Drogheda, May 12th.

Francis Dear,—No doubt you have long since consigned me to oblivion—deemed me as one who had faithlessly deserted the Guild. Nor should I (or rather, could I) be very injured if you admitted entertaining such unflattering opinions concerning poor me, as my lengthy silence must assuredly have left no other course open for you. Yet, Francis, my neglect of you was not due to carelessness but to sheer lack of time. I am sure you will understand how this was so when you hear that all my available time was occupied in preparing for an exam, whose awful spectre never ceased to haunt me during the past two or three months. The Guild was never very far from my thoughts, and every month found me with a firm intention of writing you; but time was short, and very many things had to be done and somehow the days would slip by without my realising it until I would awake with

a start to discover that the date for entry had been reached. You know this sensation, do you not? I doubt not that you underwent similar experiences in the days when you also were troubled with such very unpleasant facts as exams., and so you will sympathise with me and drive away all hateful thoughts of my want of constancy.

Now I have faced the worst (the exam. I mean). The dreaded ordeal is a thing of the past, to be delegated among those hideous memories which one's imagination will conjure up. I can breathe freely again, and my only anxiety is to place myself on the same footing, with regard to the Guild, as I had occupied previous to my silence. You see, I am determined to make friends with you, whether

you will it or not!

I must not forget to tell you, Francis, that those sweet poems which have appeared from time to time in our own portion of The Cross were very much appreciated (though in silence) by me and gave me untold pleasure. But I looked in vain for our Poet Laureate—I had hoped that she would be borne back by the balmy winds of spring and would make the Guild ring with the melody of her songs. But I know full well that on "Mr. Time" we can throw the blame of denying us the pleasure of hearing the glad notes of our much-loved songster. (She has come at your call, Ada.—Francis.)

I am reminded of her now as I write, for the air is throbbing with the liquid caroling of birds aloft on the branches of the trees, bursting into tender, green foliage. This is a delightful day, the breeze, stirring among the grasses, fresh and invigorating, yet soft and caressing; great masses of cloud in the sky; and sunshine everywhere. The world outside is lovely. I mean, my world, which consists of the garden bordered by the smooth meadow sloping down to the little river on one side, and on the other by the green hedge running along the road, and with a view of the stately trees fringing the highway. The garden is glowing with the beautiful tints of spring flowers orange and pale cream, of the patches of primulas, the pure white of the slender narcissus, the splendid red and gold of the tulip, and the delicate hue of the masses of bluebells. Only here and there can I detect the swaying golden daffodil, and, with Herrick, I lament to see these queenly flowers "haste away so soon." The rough boughs of the fruit trees have become things of beauty too, and are covered with swelling blossoms, warmly flushed or showing the petals of white satin streaked with pink. Snowy blossoms we have on other trees which must have been seen by him who sang:

"O blossom, that hangs on the tremulous air!

O blossom with lips of snow."

The mossy bank is purpled with sweet violets, and the air is fragrant with the breath of flowers innumerable. I think I would never weary speaking of the beauties of our garden, or indeed, of the gladness of the country, whether it be the narrow, winding lane or the broad stretches of deep green velvet starred with pale primroses and wide-awake daisies. To me it is all dear, and I trust that Francis has been soothed by the tranquillity of quiet, unfrequented haunts, and that his life has been brightened by the delicate hues of nature's blooms. But perchance I am awakening long slumbering memories and

filling him with regret, and since I do not wish to cause him one moment of sadness I will conclude, trusting that out of the kindness of his heart he will find it in him to make peace with his sincere friend

"ADA O'NEILL."

Who would'nt put up with even a year's silence for such a sweet reward as this letter, that is a credit to its talented writer. How many of you can read this delightful little note from Rita Carlos? "Is mion minic a bhim ag cuimhneamh ort-sa agus ar gah aoinne a bhionn ag scrìobhadh gan teir chugat o mhi go mi agus bionn moc chroidhe ag rinnce le háthas nuair a bhronann tú duais ar dhuine éigin go eolas agam ar a ainm." Binn liom do ghlór, a chara. Beidh súil agam leis

an litir fhada úd. Josie McGuinness sends a hearty word of thanks for her prize volume, and in return for it brings two new members—Anna Drew and Peggy Moloney—into the Guild. They are welcome for Josie's sake and for their own. The Guild's first and favourite poetess sings a sweet little song:

To The Sacred Heart

Sweet June is the month of the roses, And the garden is dreamy and fair, Whilst we cull her loveliest blossoms To lay at Thy feet like a prayer.

Red roses to speak of Thy passion,
And white of young hearts that are pure,
Green leaves to tell of the suffering
That our Eire for Thee didst endure.

Oh, June is Thine own month, dear Jesus, It is lit with the sunshine of love, So smile down on Ireland and grant her Sweet Freedom's fair rose from above.

Lilian Mary Nally.

From the Convent School, Killaloe, comes Hannie Ward with no less than 26 recruits for the Guild. Their names are Eileen Moloney, May Griffin, Brigid Griffin, Eily Fitzgerald, Brigid Corbett, May Niall, Rosie Dwyer, Edith Rice, Annie Courtney, Nora Collins, Sadie Scanlan, May Moynihan, Annie J. Scanlan, Teresa Colgan, Maureen O'Farrell, Johanna Hickey, Annie Mooney, Josie Gleeson, Katty Gleeson, Mary B. Dillon, Mary O'Brien, Margaret O'Brien, Winnie Vaughan, Anna Ryan, Rosie Ryan, and Sarah Ryan. My heart's fond welcome to all of them, and my blessing to Hannie, who writes in the highest terms of praise of the Guild. Mary Ward, Hannie's big sister, sends me a nice wee letter too, in which she expresses the fear that I have forgotten her. I never forget a member of the Guild. Connie Walsh, our representative in Carmarthen, South Wales, writes a nice letter in which she gives great praise to the poem by B. M. O'Neill in last month's Guild. A welcome new member is Mary Kissane, of Ballybunion. "I am working very hard at Irish" is the part of her letter which pleases me best. Kathleen Burke, of Kidderminster, England, having reached her 18th birthday, bids farewell to the Guild in a very touching letter. The good wishes and prayers of all our hearts will be hers, and we trust she will often send a message to the Guild. Mary Rennie has favoured me this month again with one of her pleasant letters. Here is a little extract: "May I, who am a 'foreigner' with regard to birth, but not sentiments, through the medium of you, Francis dear, thank our most prominent members for the many happy hours I have been able to spend in perusing the Guild pages, owing to the delightful manner in which, month after month, they have pen-painted the beauty spots of Eirinn." In July Mary hopes to reach the realization of her dearest dream—a visit to Ireland. A thousand welcomes to her and may her visit be crowded with delights! Kitty O'Brien, of Fermoy, is a new member who is welcome as the song of the cuckoo. I trust she will bring many more Fermoy children into the Guild. She need not have sent a stamped envelope, as replies are given in The Cross. Maura Hannon, who gives Westmeath as her address, is heartily welcome. I welcome George Keating also, and trust he will be able to realize his hope, viz.: "to spread The Cross throughout Dublin." A new Belfast member is Teresa McManus, whom I welcome with pleasure. She will find all the rules governing competitions printed in this month's Guild. An old friend, Mary O'Dwyer, brings three new members from Tralee. Their names are Kathleen O'Donoghue, Bridie Cronin and Sonny O'Donoghue. They are very welcome, and so is Mary after her long silence. Céad mile fáilte to Eileen Cooney, a new member all the way from London. She writes Irish much better than thousands of children at home in Ireland. Many thanks to **B. M. O'Neill** for her most kind letter. I deeply regret that I have not been able to find space for her sweet verses this time.

IMPORTANT

(1) Ali newcomers will please write a personal note to Francis apart from their competition papers, asking to be admitted to membership of the Guild. (2) Always put your name and address on your competition paper, whether you send a letter or not. (3) Orders for Copies of "The Cross" and all other business letters are to be addressed to the Manager.

THE AWARDS

(1) The prize for the three best quotations in prose or verse about the Sacred Heart is awarded to Nancy Moloney, Convent National School, Mountrath. Most of the papers were excellent.

(2) The prize for the neatest copy of the "Hail Mary" in Irish is divided between Máire NiChiosáin, Mercy Convent, Ballybunion, and Eileen Cooney, 221 Archway Road, Highgate, London. There was a splendid entry.

JULY COMPETITIONS

For Members over 12 and under 18 years of age.

A handsome book prize will be given for the best original incident of School Life.

For Members under 12 years of age.

A handsome book prize will be given for the best list of Summer Games.

Competitors will please remember the following rules:—All competition papers must be certified by some responsible person to be the unaided and original work of the sender. They must have attached to them the coupon to be found in this issue (one coupon will be sufficient for all the members of a family). They must be sent so as to reach the office of "The Cross" not later than June 14th. All letters to be addressed:—Francis, c/o "The Cross," St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, Dublin.

Acknowledgments

We wish to acknowledge with sincere thanks receipt of 8s. for the expenses of the canonization of Blessed Gabriel from M. T. (London), and for the cause of Gemma Galgani, 2s. 6d. from J. E. D. and 2s. 6d. from A Client. All sums received by us will be forwarded to the Promoters in Rome.

His Holiness Pope Benedict XV. bestows the Apostolic Benediction on The Cross and praises its work

The following is a translation of a letter addressed to the Editor of "THE CROSS" by His Eminence Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State:—

The Vatican,

Secretariate of State of His Holiness

March 9, 1918.

REVEREND FATHER,

The Sovereign Pontiff has received with pleasure the numbers of the monthly periodical—"THE CROSS"—which, collected into an elegant volume, you have piously presented at His Throne in token of your devout and filial homage, at the same time begging the Apostolic Blessing for the contributors to this excellent publication and for its readers.

I am happy to inform you that His Holiness, grateful for your pious tribute, has been pleased to grant with paternal charity the blessing you request, so that the periodical continuing with increasing zeal its salutary apostolate in the bosom of Christian families may rescue from shipwreck ever increasing numbers of the brethren and may bind them indissolubly to the Cross of Christ, the sole plank of salvation and of life, the symbol of peace, and the source of all true civil progress.

In conveying to your Reverence these gracious sentiments of the Pontiff, I have pleasure in subscribing myself,

Yours affectionately in the Lord,

P. CARD. GASPARRI